

FRANCE NUMBER

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JULY 11, 1924

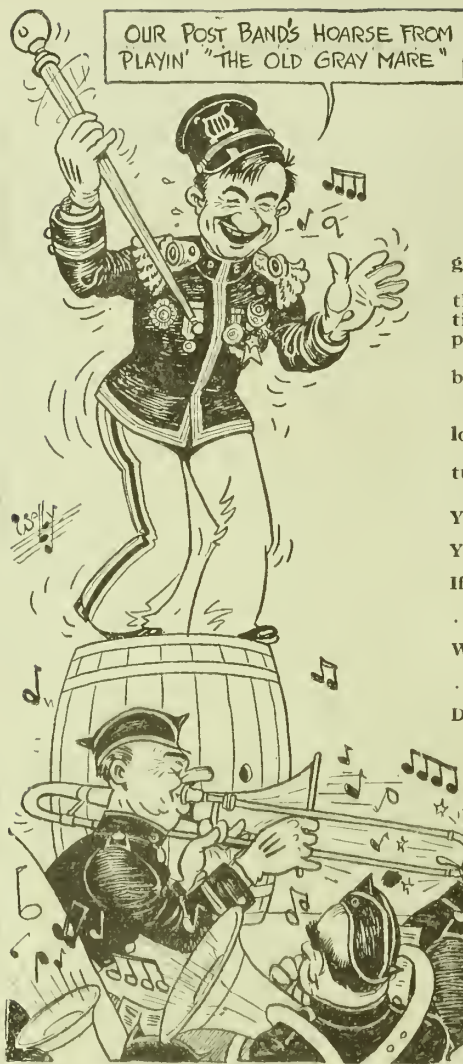
Vol. 6, No. 28

# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



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## Page Sousa! Buddy's Copped His Baton!

*I know a Legion post, not far away.  
It has a big brass band. Gosh, how they play!  
When they are on parade,  
War vets are quickly sway'd.  
I'll say that band has paid  
In ev'ry way.*

—Buddy's Barrellades.

'Thro' brass bands or drum and bugle corps, posts are "harmonizing" toward greater membership, popularity and community importance.

Legion batteries of trombones, saxophones, etc., with the support of those heavies, the "oom-pahs" and bass drums, put life and zip in conventions, parades and celebrations. They are heard on concert platform and on the radio; they are pictured and praised in the press.

Buddy blushes when it is made known that beaucoup glittering instruments were bought thro' advertisements in The Weekly.

A leading maker of high grade instruments writes Buddy:

"We look to The American Legion as a fertile ground in which to plant the seed of love for stirring band and orchestra music."

Buddy deems this to be "planting time." He says: "Fellows, band together and tune up on attached questionnaire":

Your name.....Address.....

Your post.....Has it a band, orchestra, or drum and bugle corps.....

If so, how has it helped your post, its membership, etc.....

What make of musical instruments are used?.....

Do you desire information which will aid your post in forming a musical organization?.....

## OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

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"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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★ STAR—AWARDED WHEN THE SEVENTH SERVICE STRIPE IS DUE.

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our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

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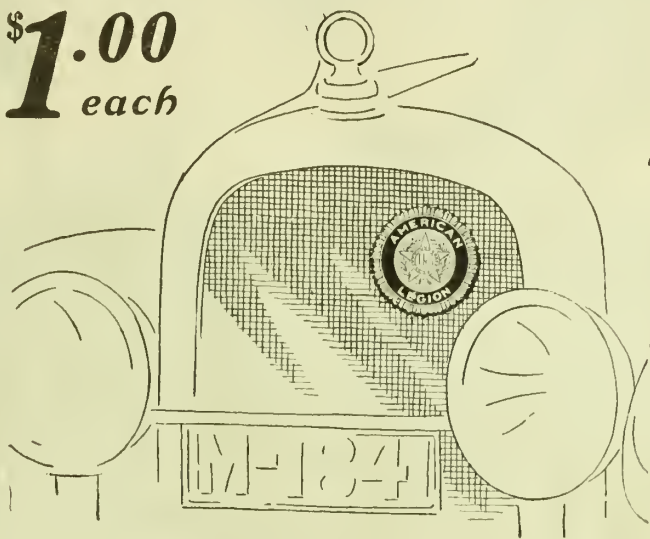
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LET'S  
PATRONIZE  
THEY  
ADVERTISE

THEY  
ADVERTISE  
LET'S  
PATRONIZE

**\$1.00**  
*each*



**The  
Emblem  
Identifies  
You!**

The coat-of-arms on the White House automobiles identify the President of the United States wherever he drives. Like the President you too can wear an insignia on your automobile that will identify you. The American Legion automobile radiator decoration is 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter and is enameled in full Legion colors. Each one is equipped with a bolt and lock nut for fastening thru the honeycomb of the radiator at any desired point. Mail us a dollar bill. We will forward you at once one of these attractive auto decorations, postage prepaid.

Radiator decorations are only one of many attractive articles to be had incorporating The American Legion emblem. The 1924 emblem catalog is ready for distribution. It covers a bigger and better line than ever before and everything is very fairly priced. Every Legionnaire should have a copy. It's free for the asking. Write for yours today.

**[THIS BRINGS IT]  
[MAIL TODAY]**

Emblem Division, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: I am enclosing a dollar bill for which you will send me at once, one American Legion automobile radiator decoration, postage prepaid. It is understood, however, that if I am not fully satisfied my money will be refunded promptly upon return of the insignia.

Name.....

Street.....

City .....

State .....

I belong to Post No.....





Make Bookings Now for  
France and the Battlefields

## 30 Days--All Expenses--\$275

The popular vacation this summer for former service men will be the special tours on United States Government ships of the United States Lines.

The low cost of \$275 includes round trip steamship fare, train and bus fares, room and meals

during the entire trip—all expenses except miscellaneous personal items. No passports or visas will be required by the French Government. Take advantage of this opportunity now to visit France in comfort. The first Veterans' tour sailed July 12th. The other tours are:

### 2nd Tour—\$275

Leave	Arrive
New York	Cherbourg

S. S. Geo. Washington Aug. 2 Aug. 10

Leave	Arrive
Cherbourg	New York

S. S. Geo. Washington Aug. 23 Sept. 2

or S. S. Pres. Roosevelt Aug. 26 Sept. 3

Total days for entire tour: 31 or 32  
Total days in France: 13 or 16

Exclusive accommodations for veterans in especially prepared cabins which are clean, airy and comfortable. The berths have soft, sanitary mattresses and clean linen; water and other conveniences in each stateroom. The food is wholesome, appetizing and plentiful and service of the best.

### 3rd Tour—\$300

Leave	Arrive
New York	Cherbourg

S. S. Leviathan Aug. 16 Aug. 22

Leave	Arrive
Cherbourg	New York

S. S. Leviathan Sept. 16 Sept. 22

Total days for entire tour: 37  
Total days in France: 24

### 4th Tour—\$275

Leave	Arrive
New York	Cherbourg

S. S. Pres. Harding Aug. 23 Aug. 31

Leave	Arrive
Cherbourg	New York

S. S. Leviathan Sept. 16 Sept. 22

Total days for entire tour: 30  
Total days in France: 16

Public rooms are large and inviting. Ample deck space is provided for games and dances. Daily concerts are a feature on the voyage. Veterans will receive special attention from the 300 members of United States Lines Post No. 945, American Legion. This post includes men on the ships, in the offices, docks, etc., of the United States Lines.

Act Now—See the nearest Steamship Agent, and make reservations.

### Send the Coupon

If you will mail the coupon, literature will be sent you describing tours and showing pictures of accommodations on board.

## UNITED STATES LINES

45 Broadway

Or your local agent  
Managing Operators for

New York City

### UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD

#### INFORMATION BLANK

United States Lines 45 Bway, New York  
Veteran's Tour Dept., B 225 L

Please send me without obligation the booklet describing the Veterans' Tours of France and the Battlefields.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_



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# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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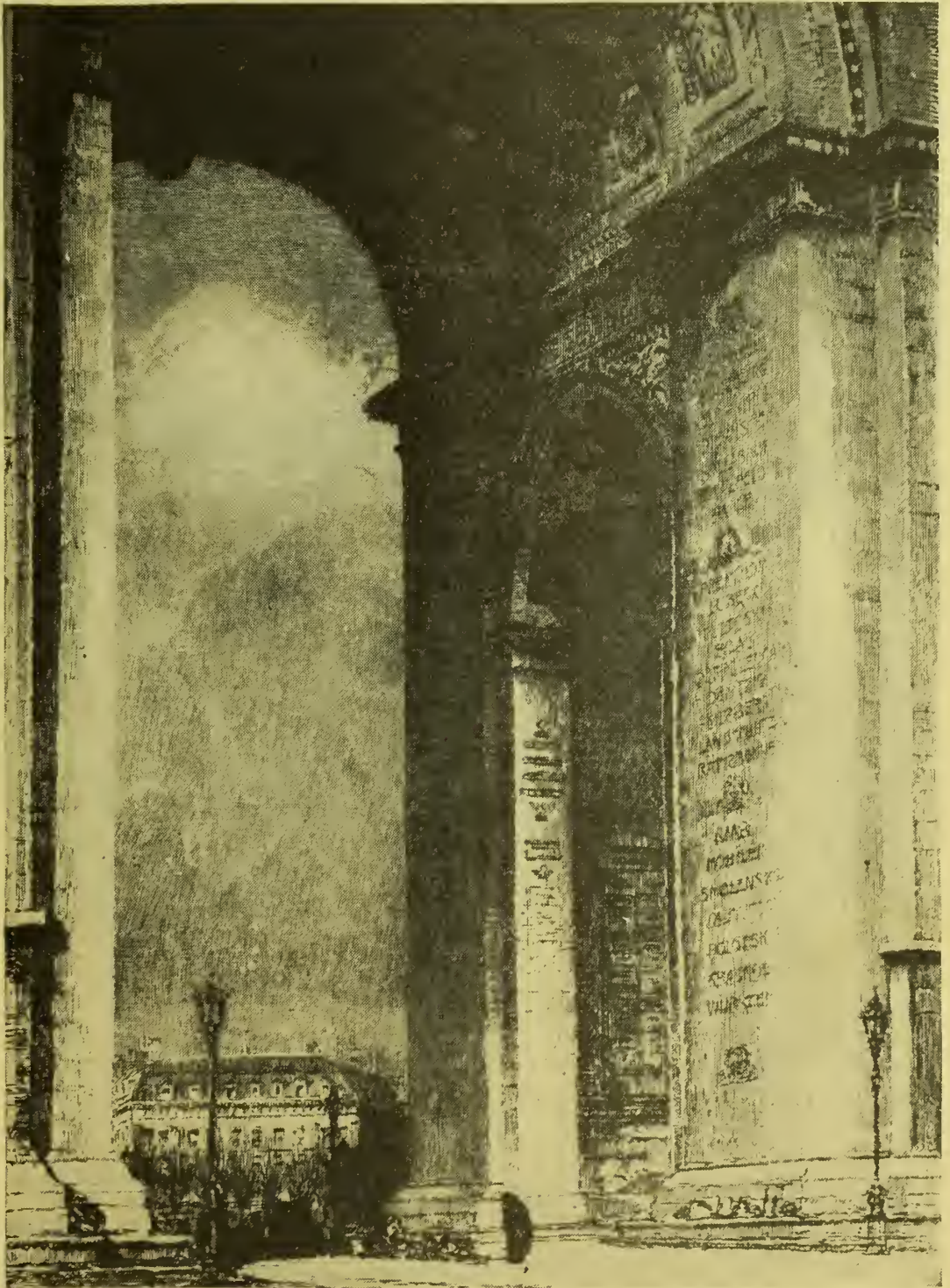
JULY 11, 1924

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## The Resting Place of France's Nameless Hero

*An American  
Veteran's  
Interpretation*



THIS striking etching of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, with the figure of a solitary woman bowed over the tomb of France's Unknown Soldier, is the work of an American artist, A. C. Webb of Nashville, Tennessee, a former A. E. F. second lieutenant. The etching has been bought by the Musée de Luxembourg, Paris, an unusual distinction to be accorded a foreign artist





This smiling resident of Charteves washed clothes for American soldiers five years ago. One customer failed to call for his laundry—hence madame's attire

# The War Trail Grows Dim

*AS Devastated France Rises From Her Ruins, the Villages, Fields and Forests Which Were the Battlefields of American Doughboys Are Undergoing an Amazing Transformation*

By Don Hise

**T**EN northern departments of France, the shoulders of the nation as it grappled with the German enemy during the four bitter years of the World War, still hold the scars of the wounds of battle. From Lille to Nancy lie the healing towns and the healing fields which were once drenched with blood.

The former doughboy who travels today the same roads over which he passed in 1918, the roads between the Somme and the Meuse, finds change everywhere. He remembers northern France as a panorama of ruined and pillaged towns, wasted farmlands and skeletons of trees, but he finds today smiling red-roofed villages and sparkling white homesteads, fields billowing with ripening crops and forests of dense greenery. He remembers toppled walls, empty villages, deserted streets, but he finds now new masonry, smoke from chimney tops, happy children playing in doorways, busy shops, carts piled high with building materials rumbling endlessly over relaid cobblestones.

Yet this is not the today's picture of the whole battleground region, for between the old fighting sectors of Pas de Calais and the German frontier in Lorraine there are many desolate zones which seem scarcely to have been touched by human hands since the firing stopped. Certain remote areas are under a quarantine of peril and fear. "Zones rouges" they are called by the French officials, who have set them apart by warning signboards. They are fields and still deserted streets of abandoned villages. In them a half dozen years ago the hand of death sowed a crop which is still being harvested. Huge unexploded shells and small ones lie harmless in the fallow soil, waiting for the jar of a careless heel or the shock of a peasant's plow. So many were the casualties immediately after the villagers and peasants returned to the liberated zones, as the fighting men departed from them, that

the policy of isolating the most dangerous areas—the fields sown most thickly with dud shells and the shell-strewn and mine-planted ruins of some towns—became imperative.

During 1919 and 1920 more than 550 men, women and children were killed by the explosions of shells, and the tragedies of today seem few by comparison. As I started from Paris to view these regions, however, I read that a German mine had on the day before killed three Frenchmen at Charleville. And when in my travels I came to Craönne I learned that no less than 175 French villagers and peasants of the department in which it is located had been killed in accidental explosions of shells since the Armistice. Thousands of laborers have been picking over the area, filling in shell holes and removing duds, grenades and other debris—a painfully tedious process if human life is to be conserved.

And at Craönne I observed how hazardous it is to be a farmer tilling a shell-strewn field. I was wandering at random through the old trenches. I walked carefully to avoid the rusting barbed wire and the tangle of bramble and shattered wood, and at times I looked across to a field where an old Frenchman was plowing. They had told me when I started on my walk to beware of the .77's—the small German shells which seemed most prolific of duds. Suddenly there was a roar close at hand, a cloud of dust hovered round the spot where a moment before I had seen the farmer and his horses, and a shell fragment whined above my head. The horses were floundering and bleeding from many wounds and the peasant lay dead when I reached the field, one of the first of the crowd which gathered with surprising swiftness.

I remember this as only one of many incidents of my trip through the battle regions this spring. But the general impression I brought back from the old areas of devastation was of a countryside fast regaining its old productivity

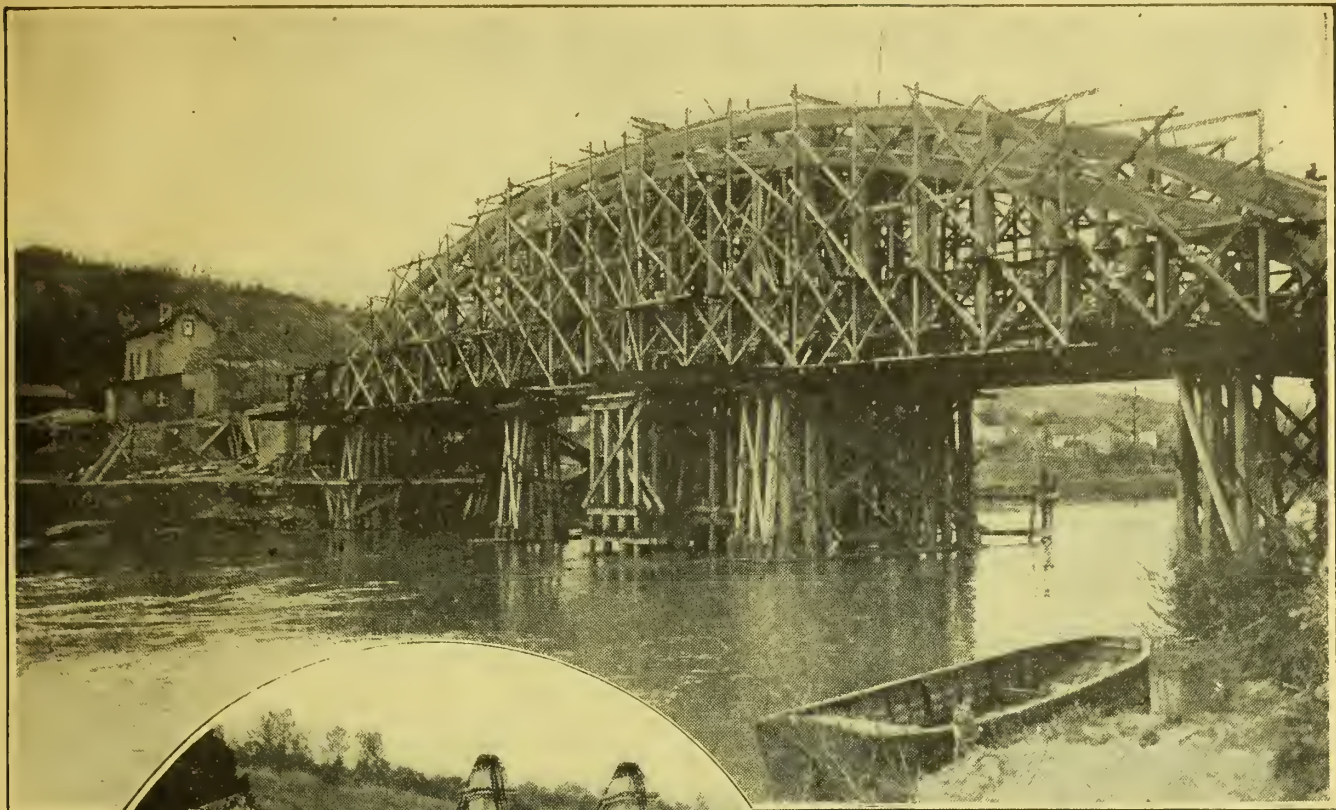
and towns rapidly returning to their before-the-war importance. What I saw convinced me that the French government's statistics are right. The greater work of reconstruction has been completed. The ten national loans have enabled France to spend 52,076,874,313 francs on the task. The total damage had been estimated at 85,000,000,000 francs. The area totally devastated was 8,285,875 acres, of which 7,275,775 acres have been reclaimed. Still to be reclaimed are 987,100 acres, but 291,985 of these have been marked off as worthless—a dead loss to the country.

**I**N 1914 the population of the ten battleground departments was 4,690,180. Today it is 4,255,677, and the growth is continuing. In 9,332 factories before the war, 745,149 persons were employed, and now 7,963 factories, most of them rebuilt, employ 557,000. The two hundred coal mines produced 1,515,769 tons in 1913, and this year 145 mines are producing 1,102,674 tons—seventy-two percent of the normal output. But while four thousand small sugar refineries were in operation before the war, only four are producing sugar today. The ten departments of the war zone before the war constituted the richest mining, industrial and agricultural region of France, and eventually they will regain what they have lost.

The steps of American tourists turn instinctively toward this section of France, where almost every river and every town, every road and every wood, is associated with the battles of an American division. I had seen much of it during the fighting of 1918, and when I started out from Paris I was not so much interested in economic conditions as thrilled with the prospect of seeing the old front once more.

I took the 6 a. m. express out of the Gare de l'Est. No designing M. P. held me up for credentials, and I did not have to show travel orders to the pretty





A new reinforced concrete railway bridge is replacing the cable suspension affair that crossed the Marne at Jaulgonne six years ago. In the circle is the battered remnant of the old structure and the signal tower on the north bank of the river—the same tower appears at the left in the upper photo. Note also the solitary pontoon that survives as a memento of a time when advancing Yankee troops couldn't stop to wait for concrete bridges

station I stepped into the Hôtel de la Gare and had a half dozen oriental croissants with my café crème.

"Combien?" I asked the girl who served me.

"One franc fifty," she replied, in accents reminiscently American.

The skies brightened immediately as I looked into her big brown eyes and noted incidentally a double row of pearly teeth. I told her I was surprised that she spoke such good English. She had acquired the English in Great Britain and the American accent in the A. E. F. She was pretty, so pretty that Major Prissy (I hope he doesn't read this) had named her Brighteyes, she said. My journey through the ruined area had begun most propitiously.

Outside I brightened still more. There waited a chauffeur, obviously looking for a fare, and obviously not of the boulevards.

"Au front, Monsieur—au vieux front," I directed, looking somewhat skeptically at his rusty flivver, which seemed to be suffering from a double disorder of shell-shock and mustard gas. It lacked a lamp, had no muffler, no hood or any other credentials that would recommend it, but the chauffeur beamed confidence. It was an army castoff, accustomed to hurdling barbed wire, chevaux-de-frise and barricades,

(Continued on page 12)

French girl ticket-agent who asked me if I wanted an "aller et retour" ticket. I admitted I was going to the front and hoped to return, but a one-way ticket would do very well—merci. I packed a camera, but otherwise my luggage was negligible, so the tariff collectors passed me by.

It was dark and gloomy when the train slipped out of the station, the whistle shrieking out a high falsetto warning to duck the tunnel ahead (some of the old AWOL's can appreciate this as they recall their windy ride among the ventilators). Soon we had passed beyond the eye of the Eiffel tower and were whizzing through La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, one-time concentration center for the Château-Thierry push, and the endless acres of tilled fields beyond. The skies were a light

black when I got off at Château-Thierry, with no poncho and a special antipathy for rain at the front.

### CHÂTEAU-THIERRY once more!

The railway station was the architectural brother of a thousand other stations, with its bright-colored travel posters on the walls, but there was something in the air which proclaimed that it was the threshold to an epoch in history. The silent waiting room seemed clamorous with echoes of a past—the clumping of hobnails and the shouts of olive drab hosts. My fancy took flight. I imagined myself a shade, possessing invisibility, returning to look upon the scenes of a yesterday separated from the present by six years. But reality obtruded. Across from the



# The BATTLE of the FRANC

## France's Post-War Economic Struggle Has Touched Every Citizen's Pocketbook

By Robert Mountsier

WHEN the A. E. F. left France in 1919, with the war presumably ended, no one foresaw that within a few years France would be fighting another battle—not with men and guns, but with gold and bits of paper—the Battle of the Franc. Doughboys and dollars had virtually stabilized the franc in 1918-19 at a fraction under par of 19.3 cents. In the year following the removal of this artificial support the franc fell to below seven cents, and the highest quotation since then, attained in April, 1922, remains 9.35 cents. The lowest figure, reached last March, was 3.42 cents. At that rate the Yankee private's 1918 monthly pay of 188 francs (thirty-three dollars at 5.7 francs to the dollar) would have swelled to 964 francs—or about what a second lieutenant was getting during wartime.

During the long period that the Battle of the Franc has been waging, the effects in France have been many and varied. Here are some of the stories that can be told about the actual combatants and the innocent bystanders—and while you are reading, bear in mind that there isn't a man or woman in France who in the course of the battle has not been hit in his or her own little bourse—in this case the pocketbook, not the stock exchange.

Thanks to the falling franc and the accompanying high cost of living, the Crédit Municipal, the French capital's official pawnshop, established a new record last year. It lent 3,396,187,050 francs on pledges valued at more than forty billion francs, the interest averaging seven percent. And without so much as hanging out three gilt balls it loaned these three billions and more to opera singers, gendarmes, business men, clerks, concierges, to anyone, on anything from a pension certificate to an automobile. Even manuscripts of novels and plays were appraised for loans by the Paris uncle, but a cow was rejected "as liable to die in the sad surroundings" and "because of the legal tangle that would result if the cow became a mother during her sojourn in a pawnshop." Loans of 50,000 to 100,000 francs are of daily occurrence, but most of the sums sought have been well under five hundred francs.

Throughout France American

currency has been hoarded for years. Even before we entered the war it was being hidden away. Our paper money became available in quantities when American soldiers reached France in large numbers, and, since the return of the A. E. F., tourists have been carrying over large sums of cash each year. It would take more figuring than Mah Jongg if you set out to estimate how many millions of dollars have been hidden away in the woolen socks and silk stockings of France. There is the case of the Frenchman who kept a candy store in Chaumont during the war. After American G. H. Q. had left the town he held \$12,500 in American bills of various denominations, and, he said, "There are a good many others in Chaumont alone who have more American money than I have."

Indeed, American currency has become so popular in France, as well as in other parts of Europe, that the crooks have been unable to keep away from it. This spring a flood of counterfeit \$100 bills struck Paris, with the result that before long all American currency was looked upon with suspicion. One large department store suffered so badly that it put a special detective to work with the police. When the right trail was discovered it led to a hotel closet in which was hidden more than \$100,000 in queer money.

Another way in which money is being made illegally in France is by boot-

legging in silver francs. With the franc as low as it has been and still is, the metal in the French silver coins remains worth much more than the equivalent in paper francs. Those willing to violate the rigid law against melting coins make a nice profit.

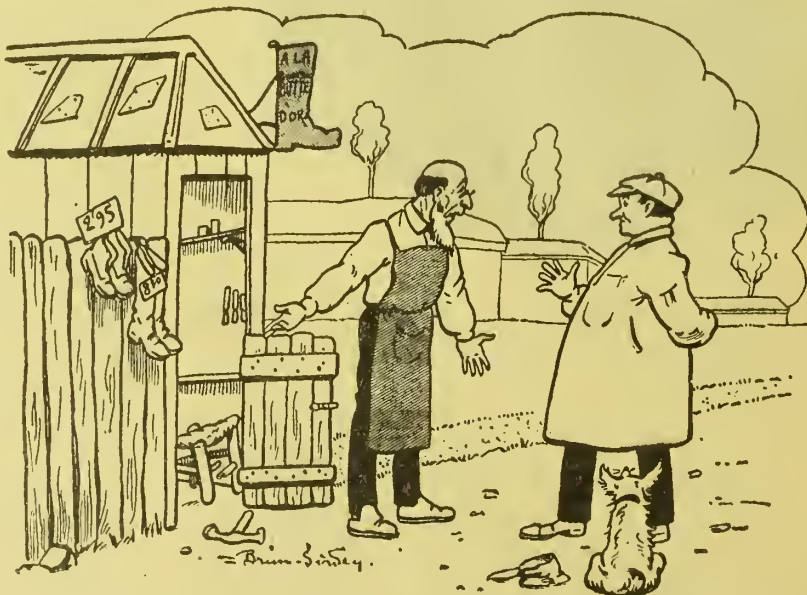
There is the story of a certain European Wallingford well known on the Paris Bourse and reputed to be rich. He was willing to try it. Working on a wholesale scale, he profited as much as 60,000 francs in one day by buying up silver coins for the melting pot. When arrested he was in a taxicab headed for the melters with suitcases containing two hundred pounds of French silver coins.

A FRENCH wartime emergency regulation which is still in effect forbids, under pain of a heavy fine or imprisonment, the exportation of cash or bonds of a value greater than 1,000 and 5,000 francs respectively. When the franc was falling fast, customs officials were instructed to enforce this regulation in conformity to the government's efforts to stabilize the franc, and one of their biggest hauls was 11,000,000 francs' worth of bonds found in the baggage of a broker arrested in Calais, in sight of the coast of England, when about to leave for London.

Another way in which the falling rate of exchange has worked to benefit a few French at the expense of many is in the matter of food products. The low exchange rate which attracted buyers to

France at the same time attracted French sellers. As a result France exported last year about 70,000,000 pounds of eggs and imported about 65,000,000 pounds. A similar situation prevailed in regard to a number of other important food products, including butter. All the imported food had to be bought at a high rate of exchange and at the foreign prices which had attracted French products away from France. When a ministerial decree forbade the exportation of butter, the shipments of cream out of the country immediately jumped to such figures as to counteract the usefulness of the butter decree.

The franc began 1923 at a little under 7.40 cents, and when the Ruhr was occu-



"What!" exclaims this cobbler in *Le Journal Amusant* of Paris. "Put me out after I've been here forty years? Double my rent, but let me stay!" "Impossible," replies the owner. "I've rented your shop to an American bank." Thus does a French humorist pay his respects to the remarkable increase in the number of branches of American banks established in Paris since the war





Not a scramble for fight tickets, but the excited mob in the Paris Bourse which helped make the near panic that ensued when the franc fell to below three and a half cents last spring

pied shortly afterward broke to less than six cents. In the spring, in anticipation of the government loans for reconstruction, the rate rallied to 6.40 cents. The new bonds, when put on the market, went none too well with the French people, so a large amount had to be placed with the banks. By summer the franc had fallen to a point below 5.50 cents, and a real "flight from the franc" developed.

With capital emigrating from France and with foreign speculators in increasing number attacking French exchange in an effort to drive it still lower, the Battle of the Franc was fairly on. The franc's position, to begin with, was weak, for ever since the war the French government had been pursuing a financial policy based on the expectation that its heavy expenditures for reconstruction in the devastated regions would be reimbursed by German reparations. Adequate payments, as the whole world knows, were not forthcoming, with the result that France's budget showed a constantly increasing deficit, covered only by French paper in the form of short-time bonds and printed francs—promises to pay with nothing behind them but the word of the French government and its hope for reparations payments.

In the autumn of 1923, with the placing of another large loan, the franc's value rallied temporarily and reached six cents and a bit more, but in November, as the foreign speculators followed up their earlier successes, francs broke and fell back close to five cents. The

retreat in December took them below that point, and in January of this year they were driven almost to four cents. The French casualties were heavy, non-combatants being the greatest sufferers. Every holder of paper francs and French bonds and stocks was hit. The speculators meanwhile were constantly gaining strength.

At this crisis President Millerand issued this proclamation in an attempt to strengthen the morale of the holders of French francs and bonds: "France has borne, without flinching, wounds deeper and more painful than financial ones, and she will stand fast in the future as she has stood fast in the past. To win the victory she has given all her sons; to maintain her credit intact she will give all her resources."

**S**TILL relying on inflation tactics even though they had proved ruinous in the case of Russian rubles, Austrian crowns, and German and Polish marks, the French Ministry of Finance met new obligations through the Banque de France, the French national bank of issue, with an increase in note circulation that sent the country's total above forty billion francs for the first time in history. The speculative offensive forthwith became colossal. With the speculators' chief instrument of attack consisting of something like thirteen billions of francs held outside of France—their "mass of maneuver," as the French called it—they pounded away at French exchange. Tagging along

with them and helping fight their battle by the strategy of selling short—that is, persistent offering of franc exchange for future dates on a falling scale—were tens of thousands of minor war and post-war profiteers operating on all the continental exchanges.

Day after day the speculators' offensive continued. Their brilliant success in driving down the franc was due chiefly to the weakness of the French position. The French people, Europe, the world, knew this, and many holders of francs, French owners included, were stampeded into a disorderly retreat from the franc. They bought stable currencies with francs of declining value and so further weakened the franc. Even France produced its own speculators, and not all of them were foreigners within her walls. For instance there was a certain butler in the household of Premier Poincaré himself. One morning when the franc stood at about twenty-five to the dollar Madame Poincaré's maid came to her and said, "I have saved a little money, and I should like to invest it advantageously. Jules has advised me to let him speculate with it. Jules says, 'I sell francs; do as I do.' Madame, I don't know what he means by selling francs, so I am asking you to tell me whether I should accept his proposition." That evening Jules was looking for a new job and Monsieur Poincaré for a patriotic butler.

In a special communiqué the Minister of Finance, M. de Lasteyrie, issued a  
(Continued on page 20)



# EDITORIAL

**F**OR God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

## A Birthday of Liberty

**T**HIRTEEN years after the Declaration of Independence was signed at Philadelphia and a new nation was created on a continent which Europe regarded as the edge of the world, the fire which had been lighted at Philadelphia destroyed the ancient monarchy of France. After the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776 the passion for human liberty blazed fiercely. The Bourbon kings of France, who gazed complacently at the reflection in the skies from the conflagration overseas, were heedless of the sparks carried on the winds of thought which set fire after thirteen years to their kingdom. On July 14, 1789, the French populace stormed the Bastille, and out of the events of that day the French Republic was born.

Since July 14, 1789, republicanism in France has known many vicissitudes, but invariably as the nation has drifted back toward the oppression which it then threw off, it has always returned to its principles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Those principles emerged triumphant after Napoleon's dictatorship. They were reasserted twice to destroy thrones set up by those who wished to keep France a permanent monarchy.

July 14th is France's birthday—the birthday of the France with whom it was America's privilege to fight side by side against the Bourbonism of Prussia. To that France the American veteran raises his hand in salute and homage.

## The Two Germanys

We should take it in the worst possible part if, by citing misfortunes which she has in large part brought down on her own head, Germany, where imperialism still lingers, should escape from her obligations with the complicity of certain other nations. That would lead directly and inevitably to war—on that day when German industrial capitalism was able to draw upon the resources accumulated in foreign countries and mobilized against us the wealth which it had not only preserved but increased. This being said, it must be added that we nevertheless will not associate ourselves in any manner with the policies of nationalists and chauvinists. To wish for the destruction of Germany is stupid from both the moral and political point of view. A people cannot be destroyed. Napoleon, in spite of his military genius, proved this once for all. We regret sincerely that the French government has failed to make a distinction between the Germany of the Junkers—which still lives—and democratic Germany, which is still very weak but which should be encouraged to gather its forces.—*Premier Herriot of France.*

**T**HE several million American soldiers who acquired a lifelong regard for the French people while guests of the French nation under most trying circumstances have never been able to understand much about French politics. But always, as a matter of faith, they have continued to wish France well. For the most part, the men of the A. E. F. accepted as their philosophy of the World War and the aims of America's participation in that war the ideals expressed by Woodrow Wilson while he was still strong. Mr. Wilson's utterances, addressed as much to the German

people as to his own and those of the nations allied with us, were true to the noblest traditions of his country, worthy to be recorded with the enduring messages which Washington and Lincoln left for posterity. Washington warned his country that under some circumstances an affection for a friendly nation abroad based more upon emotion than reason might prove as disastrous as a hatred for another nation which had been an enemy. Lincoln, in contemplating the day when the disrupted north and south should be reunited, spoke for reconciliation and those common interests which all peoples have, regardless of boundary lines. Wilson, too, was a humanitarian.

When M. Herriot, the new premier of France, an unfamiliar figure to most American service men, declares that Germany must pay, he expresses a sentiment which the American Legion has indorsed whenever possible. When M. Herriot, as the successor to Poincaré, indicates that he will guide French policy to strengthen the democratic forces of Germany, he expresses a sentiment that long ago was made familiar to America by Woodrow Wilson. If that sentiment shall prove to be the key to eventual peace in Europe, it will be a new vindication of the policies of a man who died at a moment when all his hopes seemed to have been discarded by the world.

## Slackers of Peace

**D**URING the preliminaries to a recent murder trial in New York State it was necessary to examine no less than 447 talesmen before twelve good men and true could be found to serve as jurors.

The average American is heartily in favor of the jury system. But the average American is also greatly averse to the idea of dropping his work for a few days in order to do his bit to maintain the balance of the scales of justice. He may be honest. He may be regarded by his neighbors as a good citizen. But he will unblushingly make use of any excuse, no matter how flimsy, in order to escape jury service.

Jury duty is not lucrative—neither is the job of being President of the United States. But no man who deliberately avoids jury duty can be regarded as a good citizen.

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Several pedestrians sighed and gave up when the 10,000,000th Ford was coined.

\*\*\*

Summer is the time of the year we could use the money we were going to save for the summer.

\*\*\*

Transoceanic telephone service is promised by Marconi. Now someone will always be getting the wrong ocean.

\*\*\*

The ex-crown prince has taken up poker. About his only chance to see the royal flush in the Fatherland again.

\*\*\*

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but a mosquito usually manages to give a pretty good account of himself.

\*\*\*

Now that the girls are invading the tonsorial parlors more than ever before we suppose it is in order to refer to those places as bobber shops.



*A Personal Page by* Frederick Palmer

# *The Things That Count*

**T**HE editor tells me that this is to be a France number. I want to be in on that. A France number amounts to the same thing as a "Do you remember?" number.

France was the word that stood for all our hopes and desires as Germany stood for all our worries and fears in '17-'18. Do you remember how you longed to get over there? How disappointed you were if luck was against you?

Do you remember your first glimpse of France and of a group of poilus? Your first ride on a French railroad train? Your first night in billets? Your first lookout from the trenches over No Man's Land? The first time you tried a comic strip of your French on a native?

If you don't, I hope you have a kind attendant to lead you about and remind you what your name is and your present post office address.

I remember France in '14, '15 and '16 as well as in '17 and '18. My first glimpse of the French at war was a battalion marching to the front in August, '14. The French soldiers were not then in their horizon blue. They were in their old-fashioned baggy red trousers.

What a target that red—a target which aided the Germans in their invisible green to shoot low! But the French would not give up their red trousers. When Clemenceau, some years previously, tried to change the French uniform to a protective tint the French people responded by saying that a French soldier not in red trousers would not be a French soldier but a foreigner.

How the men of the red trousers went to it in September, '14 on the Marne! They were not then the veterans whom our Army knew, but fresh, the stored energy of forty years of peace released in the thought of each man, "It's now or never for France."

I count as one of the greatest thrills of my life that day when I saw them pressing the Germans back from Paris. The blazing display of the red trousers and unpreparedness paid a terrible price, but "Now or never for France!" won.

**T**HE loss of the Marne would have meant that the British and American new armies would have been left no ground on which to fight. It was French courage which held the battlefield until the British were ready, and then, together, the two Allies held on until we came.

By '17 the horizon blue, which had taken the place of the red, had already faded. France already had lost twelve hundred of the fifteen hundred thousand dead which was to be her total. The French had become a tried and skillfully veteran army, supple behind their barrages, economical and shrewd in their maneuvers, while we were the fresh Army stepping in for our first round, which was the tenth for the French of a twenty-round mill.

We must not forget in any France number of the Weekly that the French had been in ten rounds when we came, as we look back at the pictures of the young poilus at the front or at the old territorials—do you remember these fathers and grandfathers?—mending the roads and guarding supply stations.

Between the training camps and over the top many of our American illusions, fostered by glowing propaganda, received a succession of jolts. That always happens in war. It explains why out of all the billions of words that have been written General Sherman's "hell" remains the best description of war. Anybody who says that war is not hell has never seen war, and there endeth the argument.

The most terrible of all the hells of history was staged on French soil. France was the host of hell, and of the makers of

hell, destroying her villages, threshing her fields with shells and scarring them with trenches. Being such a host was even more trying a job than running a tourist summer camp without mosquito screens when you are short of help and mosquitoes are thick.

With the cold damp of dugouts refrigerating the marrows of our bones, and mist when there was not rain, through the long winter we Americans wondered who started that tourist folder stuff about "sunny France." French ways were not exactly our ways or our ways theirs. They thought we were strange and we thought they were strange. We had our grouches with them and we had our grouches with one another and the war-life that we led.

**B**UT time passes. Strain, cold, hunger and exhaustion are now suffused in the memories of the greatest experience of our lives. We know that there was sunshine in the smiles of the children of France with whom we played, in the sturdy labor of the old men and women in the fields and in the way that the poilu stuck to his job for four years.

Back now in the comforts of home among our own people we extract jeweled reminiscence from incidents which were irritations when we were filthy and dogtired in miserable billets or in the mire of the battlefield. Red-roofed villages and the people in them have the appeal of the land of our mighty effort and adventure.

We shared danger with the French. We lived in their houses. Association struck deep when our natures were molten in war's heat. It is a recollection that cannot die while our veterans live or while our dead are under the white crosses along the old front line. It is touched with more than association—with the affection of the comradeship of the supreme test in a common cause.

France was the land bulwark and England the sea bulwark between us and the military colossus behind the Rhine. They are still bulwarks if danger should threaten from all that vast area of thousands of miles between the Rhine and the Yellow Sea.

We owe France more than what she did in the war. It was young French democracy soon after our own revolution which faced all the European kings in arms, forced them to beg for quarter, and pioneered European democracy. France is still the bulwark of democracy on the European continent. Other nations play with dictatorships and royal pretenders and Bolshevism, but France goes her republican way.

Who knows better than we who served in France that to be a Frenchman is to be a Frenchman completely in language, thought, ways and spirit? So we would be equally American in our unity of tongue and character. This we may learn from the example of France; and we may learn, too, thrift if not industry.

For we Americans are hard workers, ourselves, who can appreciate the triumph of France's poilus in peace and of her old men and her women, old and young, who have rebuilt her ruined factories, shops and firesides and redeemed her soil to tillage and brought back prosperity.

Next to the experience of having been in France during the war is that of going as a member of his family with a veteran to see France and the battlefields as they are today. It is a trip every veteran's family will want to make. On the ground they will have the answer to the question whether France has turned militaristic. Just about as militaristic as other proud races, I should say. Having had a thousands years of war with an ancient enemy, the French want peace none the less because they are on their guard after such a bitter experience



# The War Trail Grows Dim

(Continued from page 7)

and to jumping shellholes and trenches.

My chauffeur insisted that the front did not exist any more, and at first he failed to comprehend why anyone should wish to drive toward the hills roundabout. Patiently I outlined an itinerary for him, and at last he got the idea. The little car bumped through the town like a jack rabbit.

I stopped at some of my old haunts before we left the city. Where Marshal Joffre once had his headquarters and later an American P. C. held forth, an Englishwoman now conducts the Hotel



Givry, a neighbor of Belleau village, as it looks today. A Boche machine-gunner once occupied the tree in the foreground



A temporary shelter at Toul made of airplane wings which serves while the owner builds a more permanent dwelling nearby

replace the old stone bridge which was blown up in the spring of 1918 before the oncoming Germans could set foot on it. At the northern end of the bridge I found a double column monument to the men of the Third Division who had made the attack at the bridge and had swept the Germans from the Charlemagne tower and fortress on the hill. The Place de l'Hotel de Ville was filled with marketers, for it was Thursday. Tourists were thronging La Fontaine's birthplace close by. Opposite the town hall an English church has been built on the site of shell-wrecked homes.

At length we swept up the hill, passed Courtreau, which has been completely rebuilt, and descended in a rattling burst of speed to the town of Vaux. American guns in the early summer of 1918 had made Vaux look like an ancient city unearthed by archaeologists. Yankee shells had battered in every roof, knocked great holes in every wall, and left the streets deep with rubble, driving out the Germans who held the town. The town's stone mason, who

Bonhomme and announces by sign an especial welcome for American tourists. General Pershing had stayed at the hostelry not long before, writing some of the chapters of his memoirs, so the story said. I wandered to the canal bank seeking the garden in which American crosses once had crowded out the flowers and shrubbery. I found the garden, but the flowers were blooming in it again—the bodies of our dead long since have lain in Belleau Wood cemetery. But jagged holes still space the garden wall, marking American machine-gun positions.

The business center of Château-Thierry has become as new and bright as the face of a clock. Where the war had left toppling ruins, modern shops and apartment houses have arisen. The streets were thronging with busy Frenchmen, and the shops were crowded. Most certainly Château-Thierry was prospering. I crossed the Marne over the Yankee-built steel bridge and stopped a moment to watch the French engineers who were laying the second arch of the Pont Roosevelt, which will



The principal street of Fère-en-Tardenois, in the heart of the Marne salient, as it is now





Avenue General Pershing in the new Reims. The rent in these workers' cottages varies inversely with the number of children in the family

Bocage Farmer Prudhomme told me a tale of the tin helmets which he has used as bird houses on the walls of his house. He fastened to the stones two French helmets, two American and two German, cutting in each a hole for the birds to enter. The birds nested at once in the French and American helmets, he said, and they have returned to build new nests each year. But they would not enter the German helmets. In the face of this plain manifestation of "malheur," Farmer Prudhomme, frankly a superstitious man, removed the German helmets. Since then the birds have sung their best songs about the house and there has been unprecedented good luck in the neighborhood.

But I was seeking the old front. So I covered both banks of the Marne—through Blésme, Fossoy, Mont St. Père and Jaulgonne to Dormans, scenes of bloody fighting, with the odds in favor of the Germans who held the heights above our trenches along the river. These towns I found almost completely

had tipped off our artillerymen to the German positions during the bombardment, confided to me that our guns did so much damage in two nights that he and his men would be busy ten years restoring the town. One third of the houses already have been rebuilt, he said.

The farm lands around Vaux and up the road to Belleau have been cleared of trenches and debris long since and are now producing their third crops, the peasants told me. In fact, I could not find a single trench until I reached Belleau Wood. Here I found plenty of evidences of fighting. The wood is now a memorial park, whose founders have tried to preserve it just as the Second and Twenty-sixth Division men left it. Even the machine-gun positions and the observation posts are carefully marked, and as one wanders among them he looks down on the vast crescent of white crosses in Belleau Wood cemetery at the foot of the hill.

Beyond the woods I looked over the rebuilt villages of Belleau, Givry, Torcy and Bourrèsches, all memorable as the scenes of stubborn battles. At Lucy-le-



French and American helmets serve as birdhouses under the eaves of this Lucy-le-Bocage farmstead. The owner says they spurned German helmets



Reconstructed Fismes on the Vèslé River, with the patched-up hotel de ville at the right

restored. Nor did the surrounding countryside show any vestiges of the American trenches which had once formed a mole-like pattern over the whole region.

Walking down Main street in Chartrèves I saw an old peasant waddling along with her airplane basket strapped to her back and a market basket on each arm. She had a cheerful smile, and her face was as ruddy as the face of a godmother in an old master's work in the Louvre. But it wasn't her face that made me notice her. It was the O. D. shirt she wore, and the way she wore it. Its full length was exposed, and she filled it snugly. The tailor who fashioned it had not known of madame's generous girth, and she had sewed in two pieces at the back to make it fit. Madame had been a gardener before the war and a laundress for American soldiers during the days of the A. E. F. A "grand soldat Américain" had forgotten his laundry when he was forced to depart from her neighborhood quickly, and his shirt had



become madame's most prized souvenir of the war.

At Jaulgonne I found a very modern reinforced concrete bridge of the American type. When it is opened to traffic this summer it will replace the old cable suspension bridge bombed during our advance. It is the only substantial bridge for many miles and when it is put into service it will speed up transportation for dozens of towns. Below this bridge lay a single pontoon of the army bridge which had been thrown across the Marne in the darkness by our Engineers—the bridge that permitted the Third Division to make a crossing and drive the Germans from the hills beyond. I learned that of the 6,123 bridges, canals and viaducts destroyed during the war, only 3,242 have so far been rebuilt or replaced.

From Jaulgonne I moved northward. I found only rebuilt houses and farm buildings to remind me that a war had accomplished cyclonic destruction here a half dozen years before. Farms were being cultivated and new forests have grown up to hide the broken, ghostlike, dead woods of the fighting days. Through the Forêt de Fère I saw signs of the Rainbow Division, which captured Croix Rouge Farm and broke the German grip on the Ourcq during the hot July days of 1918, forcing the enemy to retire to the hills beyond the Vesle. In Fère-en-Tardenois the Red Arrow Division had left its trademarks. I found an old cannon, a German howitzer, plainly marked as booty of the 32d American Division. Perhaps the men of that outfit will be glad to know that the market place at Fère has been roofed again, although the cobblestone floor looks as little like a mattress as it did when doughboys slept on it. Fère-en-Tardenois is rapidly healing all its scars of war.

Fismes, also, is rising a new city. The buildings which Yankee shells tore to bits have been replaced by modern structures along the streets in unbroken lines. The public square is regaining its old form. But the very ancient hôtel de ville at the corner is still a patchwork of boards and tar paper, and under its shabby roof the town's gendarmes sit at ease. On one corner of the building I read these signs: "Obey the traffic cop," "Keep to the right," "Use no chains," and "Play the game." The French pedestrians faded out as I stood reading the faint letters, and beside me I seemed to see a tall M. P., a doughboy in the middle of the crossroads, waving directions for lines of camions and ambulances and ammunition trucks. But shining automobiles and two-wheeled carts come to the crossroads today.

Not until one leaves Fismes and moves further along the Aisne Valley does he find war's front yard again. Then he encounters trenches and wire and typical no-man's-land. Here is devastation with a kick still left in it. Here the feelings of the old days return. The area around Soissons was stormed for four years, and it is doubtful if peasants will be able to restore their lands during this generation. Soissons is being rebuilt in its entirety.

The city sold huge issues of bonds in the United States and Canada, and envisions itself a model city of the future. Four broad streets already have been completed under the rebuilding program. A large blue and white department store stands on the corner which was the American post of command. A five-story modern apartment building has sprung up behind the cathedral, on the site of the dressing station. It has "chauffage central, l'eau chaud, gaz, électricité et ascenseur"—everything.

More than eight hundred apartments and large stores have been rebuilt at Soissons, and four modern hotels are open. The cathedral is being restored by experts from the Ministry of Fine Arts, and the two Gothic towers and the famous old cloister some day will regain their glory.

As in Soissons, so all through the region of the Aisne and the Somme—human skill is repairing the vandal damage of war. Flanders Fields are

streets; workmen were moving up and down ladders, sacks of lime on their heads; hod carriers were as thick as soldiers had once been among the ruins. One could see a beautiful city gradually taking shape among the wreckage.

That evening I walked through the streets to the cathedral. In that French city I heard so many languages spoken that I fancied myself back in Odessa, the city of all nations. About me I saw the Italians, Russians, Spaniards, Poles, Greeks and Germans who are helping rebuild Reims—the imported workmen who are taking the place of the hundreds of thousands of French craftsmen killed or disabled in the war. I wondered if this mélange of nationalities would be absorbed by the French people, and what effect the admixture would have on national traits.

In the cathedral, in a small cleared space among the scaffolding, I saw the cardinal administer blessings to the faithful. The cathedral still looms largely as it did before the war, its main lines unmodified. The army of workmen on its walls and under its vaulted roof, however, are engaged in tasks that will last many years. They are restoring the hand-carved statues in their niches of stone lacework, the gargoyles, the stained glass windows and the scarred columns and pillars. Scaffolding rises from floor to roof inside the cathedral, and on lofty platforms the most skillful masons of the country carry on their hazardous task of rebuilding the high vaults and parabolic arches for the roof supports.

The city of Reims is rising surprisingly fast. Many large business blocks and new apartment houses have been built and today the main street looks more like Federal street, Youngstown, Ohio, than the rue principale of the champagne center of the world. The museums, the city hall and the once splendid palais de justice have not been touched. Their

restoration will be begun "after all residence, business and industrial work is done." Thus is France, artistic leader of the world, most practical in her latest renaissance. But Cardinal Dubois, now eighty-three years old, who saw his cathedral and city burn in 1914, says that he will live to see and bless the new Reims and his glorious cathedral restored.

The rebuilding of Reims in brick and stone is being accompanied by a rebuilding of spirit also. The city is using its collective resources to better the lot of the workman who is trying to raise children in an age of unprecedented high-living costs. It has established within its borders a "villa des ouvriers," a park-like section of small model dwellings for families with one or more children. The more children in a family, the lower the rent. For example, the father of two children has a comfortable home of four rooms for which he pays eighty francs a month, while a man with three children may have a five or six-room apartment for sixty francs a month. Hope for an increased birthrate inspired the experiment. Two thousand souls live

(Continued on page 19)

**I**N the final hours of the last session of Congress, when the nation's legislators were swamped with an unprecedented flood of measures awaiting disposition, The American Legion won a victory of supreme importance for the disabled veteran—a victory the significance of which passed unnoticed in the turmoil of the closing days of the session. This victory is embodied in the Reed-Johnson Act, and the story of how the fight was won, together with a summary of the provisions of the new law, will be published in the next issue (July 18th) of The American Legion Weekly. There will also be another of Karl W. Detzer's Tales of the D. C. I.

no longer fallow with death, and even Ypres, Hooze, Cambrai and Arras are taking form again out of seemingly hopeless ruins. So, also, are the villages of the Nord and the Pas Calais.

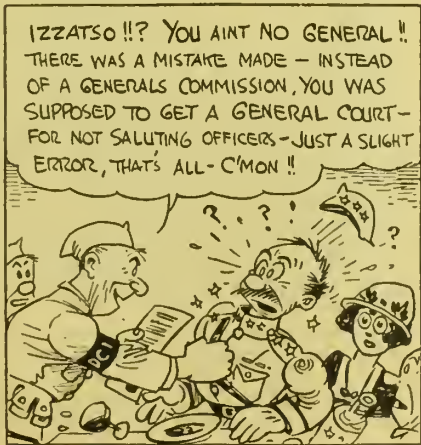
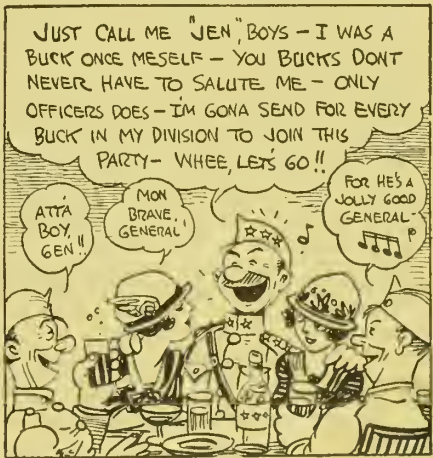
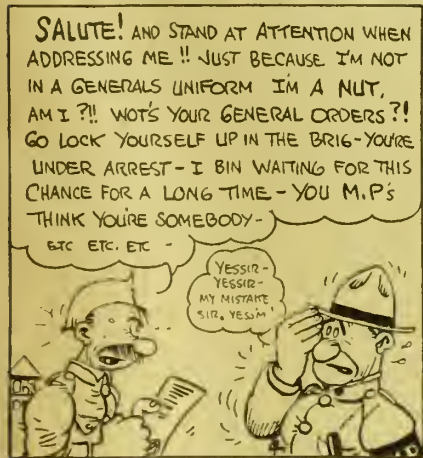
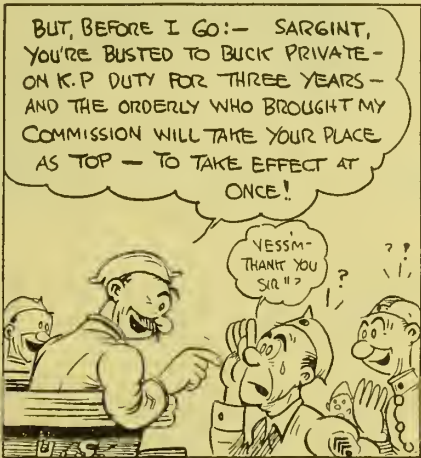
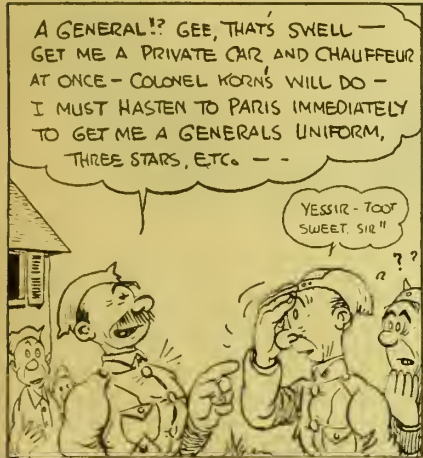
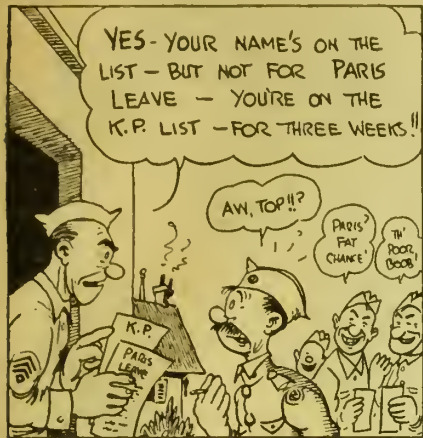
Traveling northeastward from Soissons I looked once more on the Chemin des Dames. From Anizy-le-Chateau I rode east along the main highway for many miles. I found the small markers set out by the Twenty-sixth Division. Once Hindenburg's Alley—one of war's most disreputable byways—the region has become a garden spot. The network of deep trenches, shell holes and mine craters is gone. In its place are smiling wheat fields and vast stretches of growing beets. Only in the southern portion has the hand of war refused to loosen its grip on the fields. Here is a "zone rouge," closed to all traffic until the laborers clear up the explosives and debris.

The area along the state road from Craonne to Reims is largely under cultivation. When I reached Reims late one afternoon the whole city seemed to be on wheels. We got tangled up in the lines of high-wheeled carts, trucks, covered wagons and pushcarts. Scaffolding reached far out into the



Souvenir de France

By Wallgren





A machine gun bullet in Flanders blinded Wilford Calkins. Before the war he had been a foreman in a copper mine, cherishing the ambition to become a dentist. After studying at a Veterans Bureau School for the Blind, Calkins was graduated from a college of osteopathy after making an average grade of ninety percent in all studies for the four-year course. He is now practicing in Tacoma, Washington. The photograph shows Mrs. Calkins reading to her husband



## A Buddy Blind *but* Unbeatable

**B**LIND, totally and permanently blind—that is what they told Wilford C. Calkins in the hospital behind the Flanders front. A German machine gun bullet had struck him in the left eye, passed through his head and out through the right temple.

This happened on the morning of October 31, 1918—he had rejoined his company only two days before after thirty days in hospital recovering from a left-shoulder wound that the Meuse-Argonne had given him as a memento. Before that he had passed through St. Mihiel unscathed.

Before he entered the service Calkins was working as a copper mine foreman at Garfield, Utah. He had his plans all made to enter dental school in the fall of 1917, when the war intervened. Instead, he entered the 362d Infantry, 91st Division, at Camp Lewis, Washington, and went overseas in July of 1918.

On the day after Christmas of 1918 he arrived in New York stone blind—hopelessly, permanently blind. No chance now for the long-planned career of a dentist—no chance, apparently, for much of anything worth while in the future. Calkins was one of the handful of men who came back from the war with no hope of ever seeing anything again.

Soon Calkins was sent to Baltimore, to the Red Cross hospital and school for the blind service men. "In a comparatively short time my physical condition had improved to the point where I began thinking about readjusting my life's work," says Calkins in telling the story today. And he adds, as he tells it, "Anything I may say is not said with a boastful intent, but in the hope that it may help some disabled service

men to get themselves re-established." For Calkins, be it said parenthetically, has not only re-established himself, but is in every way getting along better than even his friends and family dared to hope.

But let him take up again the thread of his story—no one could hope to excel the rugged strength and simplicity with which he tells it:

"Since I was unable to carry out my original plans to enter dental college, and since I had always been interested in the dental and medical world, I continued along these lines my search for a way to readjust my life. I seriously considered the possibilities the osteopathic profession held for me and made a special trip to Chicago to investigate a college of osteopathy there.

"The dean told me of a few doctors with similar handicaps who were successful in the profession. If others could, I felt that I could also. After returning to Baltimore I began studying business English, typewriting, anatomy and Braille. I worked at this until the fall of 1919, when I entered the college."

Seventy men and women comprised the class. Calkins had an assistant of his own choice—a classmate—paid by the United States Veterans Bureau. This assistant accompanied Calkins to classes and read to him outside. "I felt that the more time I put into my work the more efficient I would be. Therefore I spent my summers at college," is the straightforward way Dr. Calkins tells the story of four years' hard plugging. "I owe at least part of my college success to my able assistant."

"My college success." Calkins averaged better than ninety percent for his four-year college course, and in the state examination for a state license to

practise osteopathy his average mark was ninety-five percent, not so bad under the circumstances!

About nine months ago Dr. Calkins opened an office in Tacoma, Washington. How does he make a physical examination without being able to see his patient? "I overcome my handicap by the assistance of a very capable nurse," to use his own words. "I have my office and work so systematically arranged that the greater proportion of my patients are not aware of my handicap until they are informed. I am fortunate in not having any scars about my face, and my eyes look normal." Totally and permanently blind, yet Calkins says he is fortunate because he carries no scars!

"My results thus far, both with my patients and financially, have been very gratifying," Dr. Calkins adds. "I do not have time to sit around and think of my handicap, for in my spare time either my nurse or Mrs. Calkins reads my professional magazines to me and my text-books and keeps me posted on the happenings of the day."

"I have ample pastimes and pleasures. My recreations are not at all limited, for I enjoy theatres, musicals, dancing. I take advantage of the camping, bathing, fishing, boating and motoring around Tacoma."

Dr. Calkins is active in professional societies and is interested in municipal affairs. He is a member of Edward B. Rhodes Post of the Legion.

Dr. Calkins finds one of his greatest pleasures listening to the letters which come to him from all parts of the United States, letters from his old buddies, sightless like himself, who studied with him at the Veterans Bureau school and are now winning success in many lines of endeavor.



## Red Cross Will Help on Compensation Blanks

ALL the agencies of the American Red Cross, including the local chapters in towns and cities, will assist in the distribution of application blanks for Federal Adjusted Compensation Insurance and will help applicants fill out blanks properly. In adopting a resolution authorizing the fullest assistance in the administration of the Adjusted Compensation Act, the executive committee of the National Red Cross recommended that Red Cross chapters extend the service as far as possible through volunteer workers. The resolution was adopted after a request for co-operation had been received from Major General Robert C. Davis, Adjutant General of the Army, who is in charge of the administration of the Adjusted Compensation Act. It is expected that in many communities Red Cross chapters and posts of The American Legion, following out established policies of working together, will combine their efforts to assist adjusted compensation applicants.

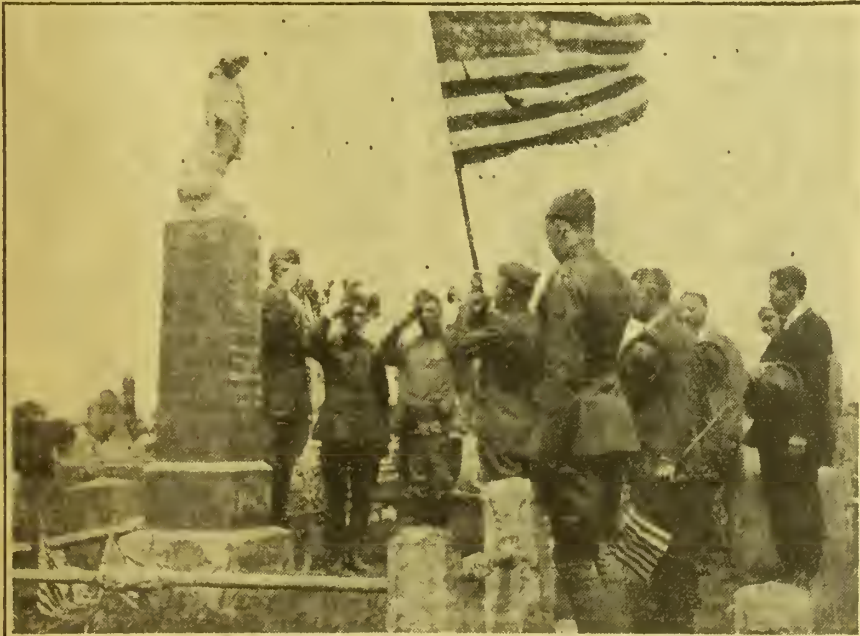
## And Not a Grave Forgotten

ALMOST every American cemetery has seen evidence of the Legion's duty done on Memorial Day, and the tradition is now established that the Legion holds for its comrades who have departed a deep reverence which is not expressed merely by the laying of wreaths or the placing of flags on their graves. The 304th Field Artillery Post, which has its headquarters in New York City but counts its members all over the country, demonstrated on Memorial Day just how firmly founded is that tradition.

Fifty-two men of the 304th Field Artillery were killed in battle or died of disease overseas. The bodies of twenty-six of them, exactly half of the full roll of the dead, were brought back to the United States to be buried in cemeteries chosen by their relatives. When 304th Field Artillery Post was formed—all its members veterans of the 304th—the post appointed a memorial committee to look after the graves of the twenty-six, scattered from New York to

Florida, from Minnesota to Massachusetts. Time has added eleven other graves to the original twenty-six. The locations of all the graves are noted in a card index kept by the Memorial Committee. Seventeen American Legion grave markers have been placed on the graves of 304th Artillery men and seven more markers will soon be in position—some of the other graves have been marked by the posts in the neighborhoods of cemeteries. Every effort has been made to give the same attention to the more distant graves as is given to those near New York City.

When the bodies of the twenty-six were returned from France, those buried in and near New York were attended by members of the post. For the funeral of a buddy whose body was taken to St. Paul, Minnesota, a wreath of flowers was provided by telegram, and post members living in St. Paul attending the ceremony at the grave. The same procedure is followed whenever a former member of the regiment dies,



Adolph Buehl died at his gun during a battle on the Vesle and he lies buried in Evergreen Cemetery in Brooklyn. To his grave on Memorial Day came his comrades of the 304th Field Artillery who belong to the 304th Infantry Post of The American Legion. Between early morning and darkness the post members traveled ninety-five miles to decorate the graves of fourteen members of their A. E. F. outfit who were buried in nine scattered cemeteries. Relatives of the dead attended the ceremonies



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no matter where in the United States. On Memorial Day this year, in following the post's annual custom, a detachment of the post members made a pilgrimage to each of the fourteen graves within a day's traveling distance of New York City. The trip was made in three automobiles. Color bearers, color guard and a bugler, all in uniform, were included in the detachment.

## The War Trail Grows Dim

(Continued from page 14)

in the model village now, and twice that many more have applied for cottages or apartments.

The model village resembles a modern American suburb, with wide tree-lined curving streets and a central park. The houses are built in groups, duplexes and triplexes. They are of white stone, with red roofs. Each has electricity, gas and complete baths. Each has its front lawn and a garden in the rear. At the ends of the central park space are a large community building, with gymnasium, a theater, a library, a church and a school, all reminiscent of American architecture.

The wholesale reconstruction of homes, schools, post offices and factories in Reims inspired me to get the figures on the entire country. A statistician of the liberated districts has asserted that 438,710 buildings of all sorts have been rebuilt out of 893,792 destroyed in the war. Of the resurrected structures there are 423,145 farmhouses, rural and village buildings; 7,602 schools, 7,963 factories and 1,353 post offices. At the outbreak of the war 171 hospitals were registered in the north provinces. During the war the number fell to 104. Today there are 194.

After seeing Reims I made the long jump up to the Argonne, through a desolate and depressing country dotted with islands of danger zones. Great areas of white chalk trenches and hundreds of acres of wire—typical no-man's land—are untouched around St. Hilaire, Souain, Hurlus and Ville-sur-Turbe in the Champagne region. All this region, churned by barrages repeatedly during the fighting, changed hands many times. The danger zones are under military guard. Roads are blocked and red flags warn tourists to keep away. Some of the roads are as impassable and perilous as they were when the Second and Thirty-sixth American Divisions were driving on toward Blanc Mont, in that hard-fought sideshow of the big tent in the Argonne.

I was surprised to find the hillside back of Vienne-le-Château, one-time Seventy-seventh Division headquarters, still honeycombed with the dugouts that sheltered thousands of doughboys before the big drive started on September 26th. Some of the old cootie dungeons have caved in, but a surprising number are still clean and dry. On their wooden doors, the supporting timbers, the trees and even on the stones are the hieroglyphics of the A. E. F.—choice Yankee slang expressions and picturesque renditions of the feelings of overwrought fighting men. How French savants, learned in the English of the dictionary, must puzzle over the cryptic and cabalistic phrases which stand out after six weatherbeaten years, as intriguing as inscriptions in a tunnel under a pyramid!

The party visited nine cemeteries and traveled more than ninety-five miles. At each grave the detail formed ranks, Taps was blown and a wreath of poppies and an American flag were placed beside the Legion grave marker. A schedule of the pilgrimage had been made known in advance, and relatives of the dead assembled at the cemeteries to be present at the ceremonies.

General Alexander's old headquarters is now the hostellerie de l'Argonne, managed by a former French soldier who fought four years in this region. He points proudly to the Yankee chalk marks on the walls of his hotel, and he serves a good lunch. In the garden several genuine American flatcars stand, piled high with coal and wood—as though the general was still on the job and about to give a housewarming at the inn for the welfare workers and gentry of the valley.

Up through the tangle of briar and underbrush and away from the beaten path I discovered all sorts of Yankee equipment. Rusty iron helmets, bayonets, ammunition belts and Springfield rifles were scattered among the trenches where the doughboys had left them. Four de Paris lies at the lonely crossroads, a frightful monument to the havoc of shells and mines, and up above, the large German cemetery supplements the tale of the hand-to-hand fighting thereabouts. Farther up the ravine lies a mine crater—all that is left of the hamlet of Vauquois—a famed jump-off place in the Argonne battle. The underbrush now conceals the shattered stumps of trees, but for the most part the forest is just as the doughboys left it.

Once out of the forest I was glad to look upon Varennes again. Here had been the home of 27,000 Pennsylvania boys of the Twenty-eighth Division, headquarters for the tanks and railroad for the Argonne drive. The bridge at the turn in the road below the town was once famous because Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI were captured on it in their flight from Paris, to be taken back to the guillotine. Now the bridge is famous because Yankee machine gunners and sharpshooters stood on it and drove the Germans from the hills above. A Frenchman, capitalizing the new historic sentiment, has set up a duck-shooting gallery at one end of the bridge. The ducks he places as targets in the water represent the "sales Boches."

The citizens of Varennes have tried desperately to restore their town. On every hand are new homes, new shops, all quite modern looking. The former tank park beneath the poplars is now a tractor depot, and the resthouse at the corner, once the pride of the Twenty-third Engineers, dispenses the choicest Benedictine, Calvados, and other electrifiers.

From Varennes to Cheppy, former First Army Headquarters, little trace of the open warfare is visible. Peasant homes have been rebuilt and the fields are producing as though war had not ravaged them. I could not find a single foxhole remaining of the many hundreds which had lined both sides of the roadway all through this region.

Cheppy, once a pile of stones, and



dugout headquarters for our staff, looks like a village again. A large monument to the Missouri boys stands on the hill overlooking the town.

In the valley of the Aire I stopped at Exermont, Fléville, St. Juvin, Grand-Pré, Vempel and Buzancy, former American storm centers. They are rebuilt and thriving villages. Crossing to the Meuse I found the same three trees on top of Hill 204, standing like sentries over the First Division monument there. Beaumont, along the extreme northern line of the Yankee advance, seemed normal, and I turned down to Stenay. Here the Crown Prince occupied a château when it was quiet and a dugout when danger approached. I got a laugh out of the decorations on the dugout walls attributed to the prince. The butler told me many tales of the prince and his disputes with the Kaiser, the princess, his wife, and von Hindenburg. He pointed to a splotch on the dining room wall as a memorial of youthful Hohenzollern temper.

Down the Meuse, through Dun, over to Cunel, Romagne, Montfaucon and Nantillois, reconstruction for the most part seems to have been finished. Montfaucon, however, seems scarcely to have been touched. I saw, of course, the Crown Prince's observation tower and recalled that the huge periscope-telescope which once hung in it is now a trophy at West Point.

The Fifth Division has placed its Red Diamond monuments all through the country roundabout, and I almost mistook them for milestones. Turning south I passed through miles and miles of "zone rouge," near storied Dead Man's Hill, en route to Verdun. The valley through which I passed is one vast museum of desolation, not a single village having escaped destruction. But the peasants here, too, are making a courageous effort to rebuild their homes

and reclaim their lands. The government has decided that many portions are utterly worthless, far too dangerous to reclaim, and has set them off as permanent danger zones, unfit for cultivation.

Verdun had improved greatly since I had seen it last, although hundreds of wrecked homes still await the builder's touch. Returning to Paris by way of Toul, Comercy, Ste. Ménéhould and Châlons, I completed my tour of the regions best known to Yankee soldiers. At Toul the aviation field has disappeared and only a few scattered barracks remain to mark the site of the great city of huts that was once a post-graduate school for our air men. I found one resourceful Frenchman had constructed a home out of old American airplane wings—a temporary house in which he is living while he builds a cottage nearby.

Back in Paris I find myself musing over the proofs of human hardihood which I had seen during many days. I think of the pathetic persistence with which men are rebuilding their homes and humble fortunes, and it seems to me that nature has implanted an instinct to tide the race through the periods of destruction. The peasants and villagers of the north have the patience of birds returning to destroyed nests. The old still find strength in tired arms, and a new generation is taking up the heavier burdens of reconstruction. Soon the departments of the north will have overcome every handicap born of the invasion. Their towns will not be a thousand Carthages in a deadly desert, as one might have believed, seeing them as the tide of war receded. Instead, they will continue to be what they have been through all European history—fresh springs of French strength and genius, which has never failed, through the ages.

## DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

**WILLIAM H. REVER OF J. IVAN DAPPERT POST, TAYLORVILLE, ILLINOIS**, has attended every post meeting since the post's organization on March 9, 1919, has been present at every convention of the Department of Illinois, and has assisted in uniform at every funeral held by the post and at all patriotic exercises in which it has taken part.

**THE HUDSON COUNTY (NEW JERSEY) COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN LEGION** has arranged to have The American Legion Weekly placed in the reading rooms of all public libraries in that county.

**CISSEL SAXON POST OF SILVER SPRING, MARYLAND**, helped raise \$1,600 to carry through a project for cement sidewalks in its town. The post plans to erect a clubhouse this year.

**MILLER-CAMPBELL POST OF LURAY, VIRGINIA**, turned out to a man and with broom, shovel and truck gave its town a thorough cleaning up.

**CLEMSON COLLEGE POST OF SOUTH CAROLINA** subscribed for The American Legion Weekly for each room in the Clemson College schools of the sixth grade and above. **BILL REID OF ST. HELENA (CALIFORNIA) POST** in one day secured twenty-five subscriptions to the Weekly in his town, which has a population of only 1,350. **PATTERSON-DAWSON POST OF OWOSSO, MICHIGAN**, subscribed for extra copies of the Weekly and mailed them to former members, with the result that a number of men renewed their memberships.

**EARL MASON**, a disabled veteran who was given kindly attention by **KANSAS CITY LEGIONNAIRES**, in his will left one-fourth of his estate to The American Legion. The estate amounted to about \$350.

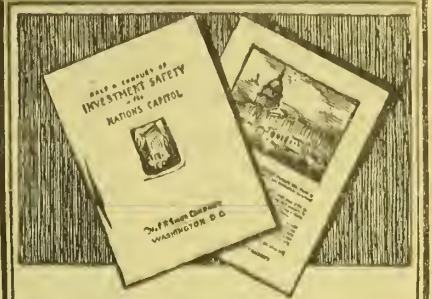
Thousands of copies of the pamphlet of the etiquette of the Flag were placed in Virginia schools by the **DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA**, which also sent a quantity of the pamphlets to hotels throughout the state to be placed in dining rooms.

**MELVIN SMITH POST OF SONORA, CALIFORNIA**, placed marble monuments over the graves of six men from that community who were killed overseas.

**HUNTS POINT POST OF BRONX COUNTY, NEW YORK**, secured for its community a branch of the New York Public Library. The library, which is located in the post's quarters, had five hundred cardholders within a few weeks.

**WILLIAM R. COURTNEY**, a disabled man in hospital at Sawtelle, California, gave a lot in Sawtelle to **PACIFIC POST**, which consists for the most part of disabled veterans. The post hopes to raise enough money so that it will be able to build a clubhouse on the donated property.

**ACADIA POST OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA**, on Memorial Day decorated the graves of forty-two veterans of American wars, ten of them Confederate soldiers. Members of **U. S. S. TAMPA POST OF NEW YORK CITY** made up the firing squad.



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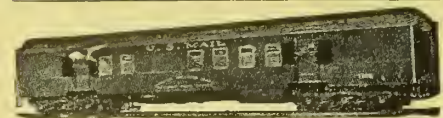
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# The Battle of the Franc

(Continued from page 9)

warning to the bankers of France against assisting in speculation harmful to the franc. The German papers fairly shouted their joy at the franc's continued descent; to them it seemed that the high-powered speculators' determined attempt, through pressure on the franc, to make the French withdraw from their stubborn effort to compel Germany to pay reparations was succeeding. As the franc fell the Germans invaded France—their number was estimated at 50,000—and bought everything they could lay their hands on—wines, dresses, horses, pianos, radio sets, food-stuffs, antiques, butter. They had dollars, Dutch guilders, pounds sterling, with which to buy francs, and when one of the invaders dropped 250 francs, at the time worth about ten dollars, this trillionaire from a country possessing a note issue of seven hundred quintillion marks said, "Ach, let it stay there. It isn't worth picking up."

On Saturday, March 8, 1924, the concentrated drive on the franc culminated in the lowest rate on record—3.42 cents, or more than twenty-nine francs to the dollar. Something had to be done, and fortunately for France and the franc it was done at the psychological moment.

The following Monday the Banque de France launched a strong counter-attack against the franc-selling forces. By buying francs with dollars and pounds sterling it began to turn the tide of battle, but reinforcements were necessary. The entire French nation became aroused at the danger. People quit selling their National Defense bonds—for one reason because the Chamber of Deputies voted exemption of income tax on the interest paid by these bonds. Those who had been hoarding pounds sterling and American dollars exchanged them for francs—when they saw the franc had reached its lowest and was going back up again. The government increased existing taxes by twenty percent and initiated a real policy of economy.

But the deciding factor in routing the speculators was the spectacular throwing of \$100,000,000 into the Battle of the Franc by the Morgan company and associated American bankers. It was a bold and skillful maneuver skillfully carried out, and for a short time it made Wall Street the important sector in the fighting. The franc started to rise rapidly. The rise was as sensational as the fall had been—France was making headway in her financial battle of the Marne.

The ring of speculators rushed to cover. By buying francs to meet contracts involving future sales at lower rates they accelerated the upward movement and suffered enormous losses. Thousands of speculators in Central Europe and the Balkans were ruined. Bourses, banks and business concerns from Hamburg and Rotterdam to Warsaw and Bucharest were shaken to the last centime. Banks and firms went bankrupt; the stock exchanges were in panic; every large city in which franc speculation had been a mania reported suicides and cases of insanity. Stocks slumped, business suffered, unemployment increased from England and Ger-

many to the Balkans. Never before had Europe seen so widespread a financial debacle.

So much for the major strategy of this currency warfare. But even more interesting are some minor sidelights. For instance: The sales of French champagne last year were double those of 1922. The Cercle de Monaco, which runs Monte Carlo's well-known gambling house and does it with French francs and special chips, made a net profit of 51,000,000 francs last year as compared with 13,000,000 the year previous. Taking into consideration the average depreciation of the French franc, the curator of the Louvre has figured out that the cathedral of Notre Dame, which is estimated to have cost not less than 10,000,000 francs in the twelfth century, would have cost not less than 400 millions if built before 1914, and that now a similar undertaking would amount to four times as much, or just about 1,600,000,000 francs. In a little hotel in the Latin Quarter of Paris hangs a notice reading, "Because of the fall of the franc, sheets will be changed only once a month. Clients please note."

And the French jokesmiths are occupied with francs in more ways than one.

"My family intends to marry me off to a rich American girl," says the handsome young count, "but I want a French girl."

"Well," replies a friend, "it's quite easy to change American dollars into French francs, isn't it?"

And another: "The peasants in certain parts of France are using hard-boiled eggs for money. It is supposed that they will fare better than soft-boiled ones in case of a drop in the rate of exchange."

Closely connected with the Battle of the Franc is the increased cost of living in France, the principal part of the increase being due to the profiteers. This "augmentation" touches the French, of course, but it fairly wallops Americans residing and touring in France.

Hotel rooms: If the American visitor is lucky enough to secure a room after hunting all day or half the night or both, he should be prepared to pay anything. A small room in a small out-of-the-way, none-too-clean hotel brings as high as fifty francs. That same room you could have got back in 1918 for five francs or less, and in the summer of 1919 for seven or eight. Pensions and landladies are for the most part following the cue of the hotels, grands et petits.

Food: A luncheon for two at the Café de Paris—hors d'œuvres, Châteaubriand steak, potatoes, asparagus and beer—costs 150 francs, and a simple lunch at Paillard's sets the luncheon back the equivalent of five dollars. The modest, out-of-the-way restaurants that depend on French trade have increased their prices very little. Popular restaurants with meals for five or six francs are now scarce and the food bad; the prix fixes on the Grands Boulevards hover around fifteen francs.

Here are some sample prices in francs at a good but not high class restaurant a few blocks from the Place de l'Opéra:



Couvert (cover charge), 2 francs 50; hors d'oeuvres, 5; oeufs à l'Américaine (fried eggs), 5; consommé, 4; filet de sole, 12; pilaff de langouste (rice and lobster), 15; ris de veau (sweetbreads), 15; rognons grillés (grilled kidneys), 8; langue de boeuf (beef tongue), 12; côte de veau (veal chop), 15; côte de mouton (mutton chop), 12; rosbif, buffet (cold roast beef), 10; laitue ou chicorée (lettuce or chicory salad), 4; haricots verts (string beans), 6; pommes-Pont-Neuf, purée, frites, soufflés (potatoes in various styles), 4; choux fleurs (cauliflower), 6; petits pois frais (new green peas), 8; fromages—Brie, Roquefort, Camembert (cheese), 4; crème caramel (caramel custard), 5; Macédoine de fruits (fruit salad), 8; glaces—fraises, vanille, chocolat (ices), 5.

From the French point of view vegetables at the markets are considered expensive—cauliflowers, two francs fifty apiece—and meats are "terriblement cher." Chicken is ten francs or more per pound, and a hindquarter of beef, which back in March, 1918, cost two francs a pound, is now four francs wholesale at the Halles Centrales. Sugar remains fairly stable at about fifteen cents a pound, and so do croissants and petits pains at four sous per. It takes seventy-five centimes to buy a baba, chocolate éclair or other bit of pastry. A pound of butter is about ten francs, a quart of milk one franc twenty centimes.

Drinks: Vin rouge, also the cost of saying "garçon, encore," is noticeably cheaper than it was during the war if paid for in francs purchased with dollars. The cheapest kind of red or white wine, if got at the grocer's or wine merchant's, is about one franc fifty, and the various grades are plentiful since the A. E. F. is no longer present and export to the United States is now impossible. Champagnes are plentiful and cheap for the same reasons. At the "marchand des vins" the various brands—G. H. Mumm, the Widow Cliquot, Sec Américain, Moët et Chandon—White Star, Ruinart-la Maréchale and all the others—range from twelve to thirty francs, in restaurants from twenty-five to sixty, but in the "établissements de nuit" in Montmartre and elsewhere the prices are higher than ever—a hundred francs and up, mostly up. Everybody knows where the champagne goes, but few know where the money goes. This is the route when "l'addition" reads 120: Cost to house of bottle of champagne and overhead, 20 francs; government tax, 50 francs; house's profit, 50 francs.

For American visitors in France wines bought at restaurants and cafés that don't collect for some alleged entertainment are little if any more expensive than at any time since the war; in fact, drinks in general cost less than they did when the American Army was sojourning in the country. Médoc is five francs fifty a bottle, Graves 6.50, and Chablis four francs a half bottle and seven the life-sized kind—of course one buys the large bottle to save a franc, unless of course one wants to save that franc by buying a bottle of Louis Roederer-Carte Blanche at forty francs instead of a demi-bouteille at twenty-one.

At the risk of causing a general migration of Americans it is herewith announced that cognac, gin and beer are at their cheapest. One franc a glass is the present charge for ordinary cognac

at small bars, two francs for the aged kind at restaurants. The charge for beer is from one to two francs fifty; it depends on the place and the size of the glass or bottle, but it is said to be more economical to take a bottle of Bière Française de la Comète at 2.50 than to drink a glass at one or two francs or a bottle of imported Bass at six. One franc per star is the rate for three-star Hennessy, and for a five-franc note one can get "un gin" and one franc's worth of change. With the franc at six cents or thereabouts figure it out for yourself—but don't forget to add the overhead—roof, meals and transportation. That's just as sure as death and taxes.

Oh, yes, that reminds me—a madame-like drink such as grenadine costs two francs fifty on the Grands Boulevards now.

Transportation: The cost of railway travel in France now is an important item on the individual budget. This spring all fares for first and second class accommodations were advanced fifty percent, and those for third class forty-five percent. Rates for the "hommes 40 chevaux 8" cars, now used only for freight, went up from ten to twenty percent. These increases apply to all railroads, both government and private, and the officials responsible for this augmentation hope that they will eliminate the annual deficit, last year amounting to 750,000,000 francs, which the state has to meet. The French traveling public, however, has initiated an economy campaign. Some have quit traveling, others who used to go first class now ride second, and second class habitués are drifting into third. The third class stand-bys probably try to stay at home.

Miscellaneous: If the traveler wants to smoke cigarettes to solace him for the increased cost of riding, he pays three francs for ten cigarettes of the French variety—the government tobacco monopoly still calls 'em Turkish or Virginian—and imported American cigarettes in packages of twenty retail at eight francs and up, up, up. Camels, by the way (the animals, that is), are being sold in France for less than steers but for more than horses now that East Africa is shipping them miles and miles to Marseilles for slaughter as butchers' meat. The fashionable Paris dress-makers have about doubled prices within the last year. Simple afternoon costumes range from 1,500 to 2,500 francs; tailor-made suits are marked from 2,500 to 5,000, and evening gowns start at 4,000 and keep going, although the amount of material and labor in them seldom costs the makers more than 1,000 francs. But the woman who knows the out-of-the-way shops can buy beautiful things for less than she would pay in the United States for inferior articles that display neither taste nor style. Even in these modest shops the "augmentation" is augmented for Americans.

"You Americans have all the gold in the world," argue the Frenchman in the street and the Frenchwoman in the shop, "and yet you want us to keep on paying for the war."

In fact, "augmentation" in word and deadly deed cannot be escaped in France. It covers a multitude of sins and a large profit. But no matter what battles of francs or battles over francs the future may have in store, vive le franc!

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## TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

LUTHER BARNES, Sweet Springs (Mo.) Post. D. June 12 at Fitzgibbon Memorial Hospital, Marshall, Mo., aged 25. Served with Co. H, 62d Inf., Eighth Div.

EDWIN BAXTER, Fuller-Taylor Post, Central Square, N. Y. D. in Post Hospital, Fort Ontario, Oswego, N. Y., May 12, aged 24. Served with Co. K, 28th Inf., 78th Div.

MARENE BLAISDELL, Roland H. Smith Post, Bath, Me. D. at Ashdale, Me., Mar. 6, aged 26. Served in U. S. N. R. F.

LAWRENCE OLSON, Oscar Lee Post, Dawson, Minn. D. June 23. Served with Fifth U. S. Cavalry.

GERTRUDE HARD PETERSON, Fremont Post, Palo Alto, Cal. D. May 29 at Vallejo, Cal. Served with Third Army of Occupation Evac. Hosp., Coblenz, Ger.

HARRY F. RANET, Perry Post, Sandusky, O. D. June 3. Served with 308th Eng.

JOHN J. REINHARDT, Lester S. Harter Post, Aurora, Neb. D. June 15, aged 33. Served in Balloon School, Ft. Crook, Omaha.

WILLIAM RODERICK, Roland H. Smith Post, Bath, Me. D. in National Soldiers Home, Togus, Maine, Mar. 8, aged 24. Served with U. S. N. R. F.

EUGENE H. RUNDQUIST, Austin Post, Chicago, Ill. D. at Speedway Hosp., Maywood, Ill., June 3. Served with Co. B, 108th Enr.

MILLARD J. SCHOEFFLE, Edwin Alexander Post, Sparta, Ill. D. June 13. Served with Co. H, 135th Inf., 34th Div.

## OUTFIT REUNIONS

BASE HOSP. 43—Reunion, July 12, at Dr. E. C. Davis' farm, Atlanta, Ga.

BRANCH 2, THIRD MARNE DIV. SOCIETY—Reunion at Lasalle Hotel, Chicago, July 12, 7 p.m. 42D (RAINBOW) DIV.—Annual reunion, Columbia, S. C., July 14-16. Address Elmer F. Neagle, secretary, Room 121, House Office Building, Washington, D. C.

66TH ARTILLERY—Reunion at Duby's Grove, Providence, R. I., July 20, 2 p.m. Address T. Dawson Brown, Wolcott Mfg. Co., Providence.

CO. K, ASS'N OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY, N. J.—Fourth reunion at Bridgeton State Armory, evening of Aug. 2. Address Anthony DeLuca, 52 South Laurel St., Bridgeton, N. J.

30TH (OLD HICKORY) DIV.—Reunion at Charleston, S. C., Aug. 12-13. Address Arthur J. Stoney, 57 Laurens St., Charleston, S. C. 324TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Springfield, O., Aug. 17-19. Address James L. Griffin, 932 Linden Ave., Springfield, O.

16TH ENG.—Annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 29—Sept. 1. Address 16th Eng., Reunion Committee, 406 West Grand River Ave., Detroit.

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

## LEGION LIBRARY

### Book Service

33D DIVISION. Volume I of a three-volume history entitled "Illinois in the World War" is a complete and authoritative history of the Thirty-third Division. A résumé of World War activities before America's participation, America's entrance into the war, the organization and training of the 33d Division and separate chapters devoted to each of the units of the division and written by the unit commander, the operations officer or the designated historian of the unit are included in the volume. More than 500 photographic illustrations. Portraits of all men decorated and of all officers. Honor rolls, citations, etc. A silver divisional Yellow Cross belt buckle is given with each copy. 655 pages, 7 x 10 inches. Special price for the one volume: \$5.00.

THE MARNE, HISTORIC AND PICTURESQUE. By Joseph Mills Hanson, Capt., A. E. F. An instructive and fascinating story covering every mile of the Marne, foremost of the rivers of history. Beginning at its source south of Langres, stops are made at Chaumont (G. H. Q.), St. Dizier, Epernay, Château-Thierry, Meaux, towns which are closely bound to A. E. F. history. The chapter devoted to Chaumont is practically a history of G. H. Q. of the A. E. F. The book of 332 pages is illustrated with 50 drawings in sepia by Capt. J. Andre Smith, official artist of the A. E. F. Price: \$3.50.

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## No Easy Marque

A dentist aboard a large barque  
Essayed to pull teeth for Miss Clarque,  
But when he asked: "Gas?"  
She promptly said: "Yas,  
But don't try to get gay in the darque."  
—Mrs. J. D.

## Even Saux

The fairest young maiden of Vaux,  
Had a corn on each delicate taux.  
When a shameless young flirt  
Inquired if they hurt,  
She shyly responded: "Yea, baux!"  
—C. A. L.

## News Breaks

WANTED AT ONCE—Young, handsome man to help deliver milk, wash bottles and help milk. Good home. Wages \$40.00 and board.—*Hoard's Dairyman*.  
Even the cows insist on sheiks nowadays.

OPERATORS WANTED—Girls for mattress covers, also learners.—*Hudson (N. Y.) Register*.  
Apparently only the experienced are willing to be skinned for this worthy cause.

FOR SALE—Two sows with ten pigs each, also one electric iron (reason for selling no current).—*Canal Winchester (Ohio) Times*.

It isn't quite reasonable to expect sows to be porcine dynamos, though.

## In Disgrace

Mrs. Murphy: "Sure, an' I'm ashamed of Pat. He has to go to court on an assault an' battery case tomorrow."  
Mrs. Casey: "An' is that annythin' to be ashamed of?"  
Mrs. Murphy: "Be the powers, it is when he's only a witness."

## Into Temptation

Preacher: "Sorry, but I'll have to return this second-hand car I bought."  
Auto Agent: "What's the matter with it?"  
Preacher: "We-e-ell, I don't want to say—but I can't keep it and stay in the ministry."

## Which Was To Be Proved

Sunday School Teacher: "Boys! Boys! Why are you fighting like that?"  
The One on Top: "Ted says the Methodists are more forgivin' than the Baptists, an' I'm showing him it ain't so."

## A Real Accomplishment

Mrs. North: "It must be difficult to paint such wonderful pictures as yours."  
Artist: "Ah, madame! Eet ees not only deeficult—eet ees empossible!"

## In the Rooting Section

Angry Patient: "I thought you were a painless dentist. Didn't I just hear a man howling in there?"  
Dentist (brilliantly): "Ah, sir, he was just cheering my feats of strength."

## Illustrated Songs

Mrs. Murphy (fifth floor): "'Tis a fine voice yer husband has. Last night I heard him singin' to yez, 'Sleep, Baby, Sleep; Close Yer Bright Eyes.'"

Mrs. Casey (fourth floor): "An' le closed wan of them, too. Look at ut!"

THE June 6th issue of The American Legion Weekly, containing the who, what, when, where, how and why of the Federal Adjusted Compensation Law, is now on the newsstands. The price is ten cents a copy. If you want an extra copy for a friend, buy it from your newsdealer. If for any reason your newsdealer can't supply you, send ten cents for a copy to The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

## Retreat Possible

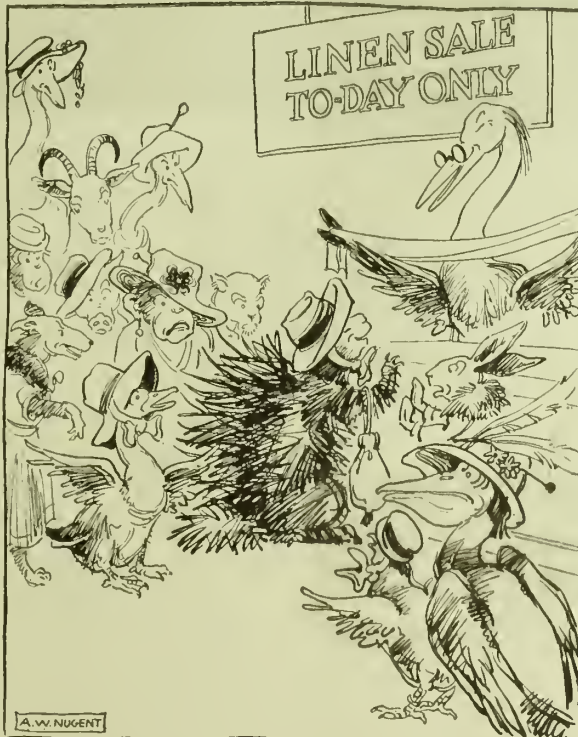
Irate Father: "I never heard of such nerve. A man in your position asking for my daughter's hand!"  
Suitor: "Oh, my position isn't so bad. I have a window on one side and the door on the other."

## It's a Free Country—for Weevils!

Customer: "You say these trousers are all wool?"  
Dealer: "Absolutely!"  
"Nonsense! Why, man, I see boll weevil tracks on 'em!"  
"Well, ain't a boll weevil got a right to change his diet once in a while, huh?"

## Most Appropriate

In signing a state bonus blank a New York City notary accidentally affixed this stamp under his name:  
"PAST DUE. This account has, no doubt, escaped your notice. Will you please favor us with remittance by return mail?"  
—*Signal Post, New York City*.



Miss Porcupine: "I just love bargain sales. People are so gentle, you know"

## Genius

Guest: "That sounds like 'Yankee Doodle' that Professor DeNote is playing."  
Hostess: "Well, it isn't, or it wouldn't sound like it."

## Hook, Line and Sinker

"Applehead has a great deal of faith in humanity, hasn't he?"  
"Well, he believes the collection schedules posted on the mail boxes."

## A Good Loser

Two evenings of each week he spent  
With Her—when he was courting;  
And, now they're wed, he still spends two  
Which certainly is sporting!  
—R. E. A.

## Too Risky

Barr: "Why did you stop bootlegging?"  
Carr: "My customers began to insist that I take a drink with them."

## Incriminating

Jones: "My wife found a blonde hair on my coat."  
Browne: "Well, isn't hers blonde?"  
"Yes, but this was half an inch longer than her bob."

## Total Loss

Blanks: "You say that Jones is very poor at remembering names?"  
Cranks: "Yes, he can't even remember that the names of the Irishmen in the funny stories are Pat and Mike."

## Chivalry

"If I'd been poor as a church mouse,  
Would you've loved me still, my own?"  
"Of course," averred the candid spouse,  
"But you'd have never known."  
—R. E. A.

## Such Is Life

Crawford: "When you're a kid you're afraid you won't go to heaven."  
Crabshaw: "Yes, and when you grow up you're afraid there's no such place to go."

## A Horse, a Horse!

"Where can a stranger get a drink around here?" asked a visitor of a native in an Alabama town.  
"Go to that drug store, wink one eye and ask for a bottle of horse liniment."  
In a few moments the stranger was back.  
"That druggist said," he complained, "that bein' as I wasn't driving nothing but a mule and wasn't known here, I'd have to get a prescription. Where can a feller borry a horse for a few minutes?"

## \*Renovated History

It has been definitely admitted that Sir Walter Raleigh's remark to Queen Elizabeth in the famous cloak-and-puddle episode was:  
"Step on it, kid; step on it!"

## The Doubtful Quantity

Bill: "Why, I didn't know you drank liquor."  
Phil: "To be frank, old man, I don't know whether I do myself."

## Flora McFlimsey at the Seashore

Male Caller: "Is Miss Flora in?"  
Maid: "Yes, but the poor girl has had to went to bed while her bathin' suit's bein' washed."

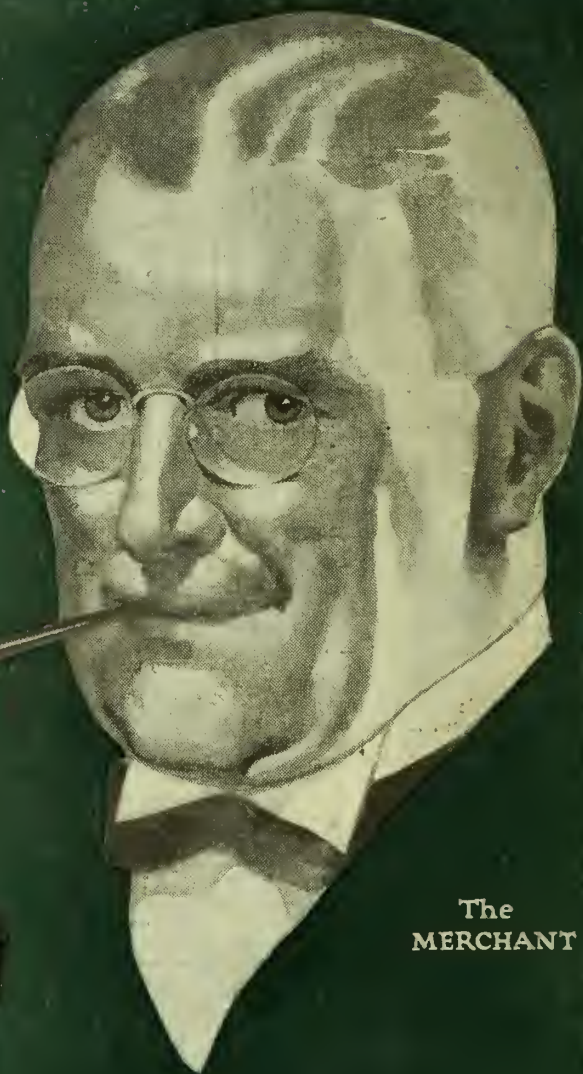
## A Specialist

Teacher: "You'll have to stay in after school and work on your geography lesson. You didn't locate a single one of the cities."  
Willie: "I can't locate them, but I know how to tune in on the whole blame lot."



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